BATTLING ON OLDTIME FIELDS By JAMES MORGAN Miles in the Path of Napoleon."

If Constantinople Fall-What?

A New Era in the History of Empires Would Be Opened If the Anglo-French Fleet Silence the Turco-French Fleet Silence the Turco-German Batteries on the Darda-nelles and the Bosporus, Whose Shores for 2,500 Years Have Been Coveted by the Conquertag Nations. How the Turk Planted Himself at the Great Gateway or the World and How England Has Kept Him There—The British Lion's Extraor-

Mr. Morgan today unfolds the remantic story o Constantinople, where the British lion is rushing to the rescue of the Russian bear and where English dley for 200 years is going up in the smoke of her abording fleet. He also outlines the Kaiser's am of an Asiatic empire and points out the dest knot in the problem of peace.

articles on the great backgrounds of the

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WHERE Europe and Asia face each other across a mile of blue water in the Dardanelles and the British lion is roaring his command that the Turk shall take his hand off the throat of the Russian bear, the strangest spectacle of the war is presented.

Through the generations, English statesmanship has remained unchangingly true to the one ever present purpose of keeping Russia ice bound in the north and land locked in the south. Now, an unvarying policy for two centuries and more seems to be going up in the smoke of dreadnought and superdreadnought, as they strive to pound down the wall that ever has barred the path of the Russian giant to the Mediterranean. And the thunderous boom of those 15-inch guns well might cause Pitt, and Palmerston and Beaconsfield to turn in their graves.

In all the 2,500 years since an ad-

mell might cause Pitt, and Palmerston and Beaconsfield to turn in their graves. In all the 2.500 years since an adventurous band of Greeks, under the oracular guidance of Apollo, reared their city of Byzantium beside the winding lane of water which links the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, that shore has been coveted by the conquering nations. Constantine the Great even abandoned Rome for it, when one morning more than fifteen centuries ago, with lance in hand and God for his guide, he traced afoot the spacious bounds of his new imperial capital, whose crumbled walls mark to this day the course of his footsteps.

After nine centuries had passed and when the Eastern or Greek Empire was in its dotage, a concubine of a Turkish chief gave birth to a boy in a camp of barbarians, who had swept in from the steppes of Central Asia and pitched their black tents at the foot of Mount Olympus, whose eternal snows glisten in sight of Constantinople. The heir of the cluief received the name of Osman, and when, in his martial youth, he captured from the degenerate successors of Constantine the Great a few outlying towns of the empire, his victorious followers were proud to call themselves the Osmanli or Osmanites. Although that was 660 years ago and more, the tribe never has ceased to follow the descendants of Osman, to call themselves the Osmanli and their nation the Empire of Osman. They reject the names of Turk and Turkey, which jealous neighbors have bestowed on them, and they smile at our bungling Osman into Ottoman.

The House of Osman.

The House of Osman.

The present Sultan, Mohammed V, is the thirty-fifth of his house to reign and may boast a longer descent than any European monarch except Francis Joseph of Austria, for the Hapsburgs are the only rivals of the Osmans in ancient lineage. The latter, however, have preserved their line unbroken by a rule of succession different from that followed by European royalty. They not only have the advantage of an unlimited number of sultanas and slaves in their harem, all the children of whom are equal, but the oldest living son of any Sultan is the heir to the throne. By that law the brothers take precedence of the sons of a reigning Sultan, if the former are older. Wherefore, Pope was not idly turning a period when he said:

they suffer them to live, but they take the precaution of locking up the eldest in a cage.

For many years the lately deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid, kept his brother in prison, where the present Sultan waxed fat and languished in ignorance. With the revolution of 1900 the brothers simply changed places, Abdul becoming a prisoner of Mohammed. Nor is the heir-apparent now a son of either Mohammed or Abdul Hamid, but a younger brother of both.

The Fall of Constantinople.

When the Turks embraced Mahometanism, that sangulnary religion only served to add a plous satisfaction to their native ferocity. With the scimilar in one hand, the Koran in the other, they hurled themselves upon Christian Europe, where nearly five and a half centuries ago they hewed their way up the Balkan peninsula. After they had driven in the outposts of the senile empire of Constantine, they assailed the hattlemented walls of Constantinople itself. From its vantage point that capital had withstood many sieges in the course of a thousand years and had fallen only once, when, in 1203-04, the Crusaders burst through its gates and sang their Te Deum at the altar of St. Sophia.

Although formerly the greatest city

sang their Te Deum at the altar of St. Sophia.

Although formerly the greatest city in the world, Constantinople had dwindled to a miserable town, with a nondescript population of hardly more than 100,000 and with fewer than 5.000 musketeers and bowmen to defend it against the Turks in 1453. Nevertheless its natural situation is such that a little squadron of converted merchant ships, which sailed up the Dardanelles to the relief of the city, was enabled to thwart an army of 250,000 of the most redoubtable warriors of the age.

of the most redoubtable warriors of the age.

Recognizing his helplesaness in the presence of an enemy that controlled the sea, the Sultan, Mohammed II, won the campaign only by a bold stroke. He laid a plank road five miles long from the Bosporus to the upper part of the Golden Horn, an inlet which forms the inner harbor of Constantinople. After the boards had been greased with the fat of sheep and oxen, Mohammed commanded his soldiers to haul eight light galleys and brigantines over the improvised way and launch them in the shallow waters of the Golden Horn, where the enemy's hig ships could not come because of their deeper draught.

The Turk and His Glery.

By that ingenious method the Turks regained a sufficient control of the sea to permit them to attack and breach the city wall from the water side. Thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, Constantinople fell and the Turk seated himself at the great gateway of the world. And at once he shut the gate against all trade and communication between the Christian West and the heathen East.

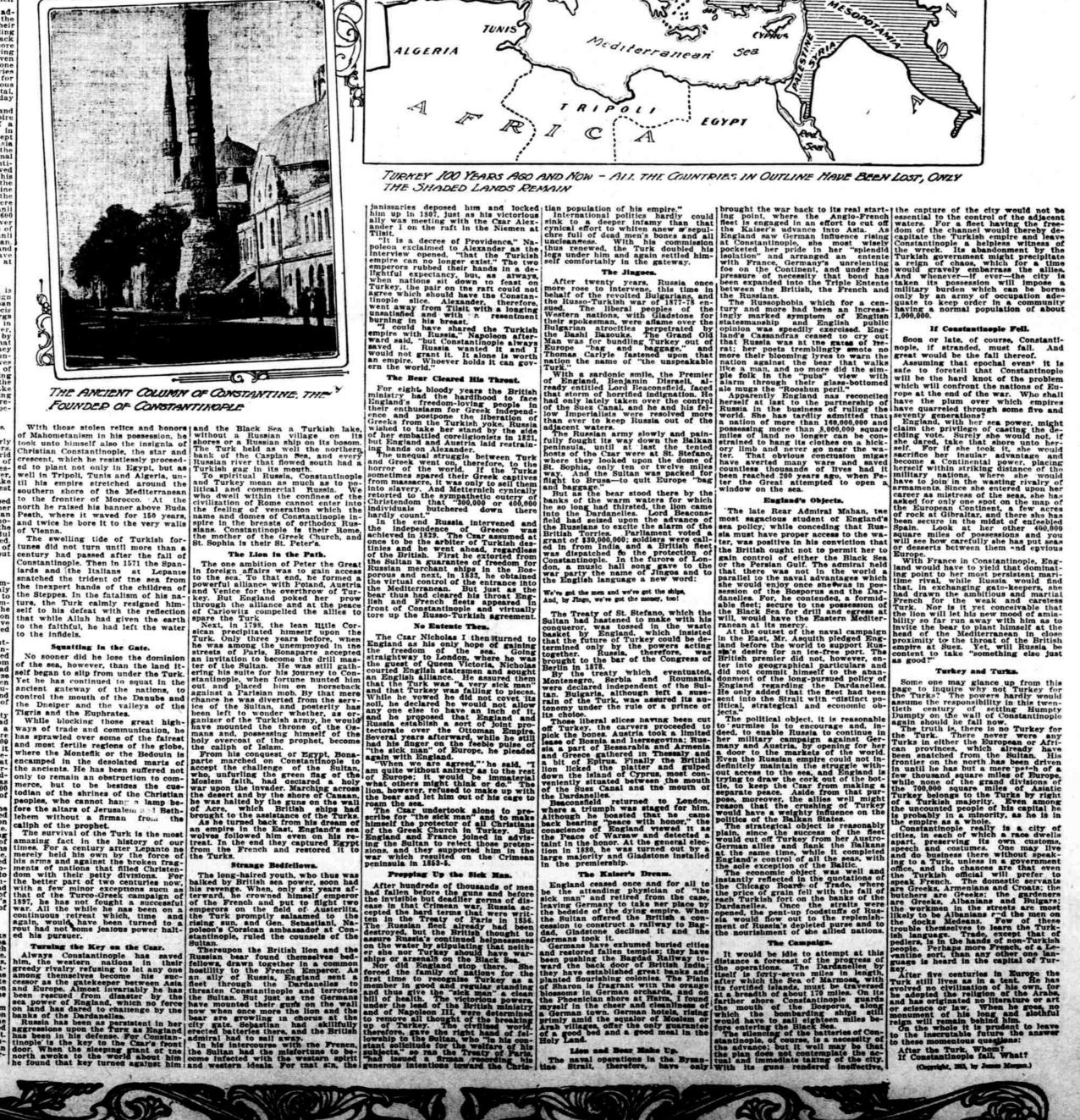
Conquering Egypt, he wrested from

heathen East.

Conquering Egypt, he wrested from the family which claimed succession from Mahomet the caliphate of the Moslems, together with the sacred mantle and mattress of the prophet. Carrying to Constantinople the venerated overcoat and bedtick, the Sultan proclaimed himself the callph, or spiritual chieftain of Islam.



LOOKING OVER THE ROOFS OF CONSTANTINOPLE TOWARD THE STRAIT OF THE BOSPHORUS



TUNIS

THE SHADED LANDS REMAIN

ALGERIA

the swelling tide of Turkish fortunes did not turn until more than a

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Mediterranean

TURKEY 100 YEARS AGO AND NOW - ALL THE COUNTRIES IN OUTLINE HAVE BEEN LOST, ONLY

THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN, WHERE ENGLAND SAVED TURNEY ONCE MORE IN 1878 - BISMARK IS GRASPING THE HAND OF SCHUVALOFF

Black

MINOR

ROUMANIA

AND BEACONSFIELD IS LEANING ON HIS SWORD TOWARD WADDINGTON

ARMENIA